A HYMN to PEACE. Occasioned, by the two Houses Joining in One *Address* to the QUEEN.

By the Author of the *True-born English-Man.*

HAIL Image, of th' Eternal Mind,
The only perfect Blessing of Mankind;
Thou Emblem of the Sacred Rest,
And surest Pledge, it shall be once possess'd;
Where e're thou dwellest, 'tis always Calm and Clear,
Bright like thy Glorious self and Fair:
No Clouds thy Heavenly Climates know,
Thou find'st it all Serene, or make'st it so:
If Nations thou, or Souls hast once possess'd,
From all their Broils and Burthens they're releas'd,
All Humane Happiness attends on thee,
In Gaol thou sets the Prisoner Free,
If thou Unlock'st the Fetters of the Mind,
In spight of Bars and Bolts 'tis unconfin'd.
Tell us, bright Nymph, by what strange Art,
Thou fan'st the heated Souls of Men Oppress'd;
Cool'st all the Fury of the Heart,
And guid'st the Mind to Light and Rest?
Tell us, Great Interposing Something, how,
To thy Great Influence, all the Passions bow;
How thou deny'st the Gust of sweet Revenge,
Can'st all to Calms and Softness change?
In the least Moment act thy part,
And lock up all the *Lab'rinths* of the Heart?
Fill'd with just Rage, the Furious Sp'rits take Arms,
When Injura and Power to hurt Combine,
What Mine can once resist th' Unhappy Charms,
Where wish'd Revenge, with wish'd Occasion join.
When the Exasperated Passions rage,
And all the Man against himself Engage;
The Mighty Tempests rise within,
And strong Convulsions, act the swelling Spleen,
When Fury leads him to the Fatal Brink,
Thou turn'st him round but once, and mak'st him think;
The Ungovern'd Wrecht in Arms appears,
Against his Eyes, against his Ears;
Judges of nothing, Scorns his Sence,
Lampoons his Nature, Bullies Providence;
Headlong he seeks to give his Fury vent,
Bursting with Rage, and swell'd with Discontent.
Then thy soft showers distil upon the Soul,
And all the Frenzy of the Mind controul;
Reduce the Wretch, by Rage and Passions blind,
To Exercise the Opticks of his Mind;
Thy Balmy Dews, the Raging Storms restrain,
And cool the Fermentations of his Brain;
Assisting Reason in her just Defence,
And Hand in Hand, Conduct him to his Sense;
Dispersses all the Vapours that remain,
Brings him to act, and so restores the Man.
Touch'd with thy Scepters Golden point,
The Hypochondraick Poisons lose their Taint;
Th' Infecting Venome of inflam'd desire,
Flows back, and of it self puts out the Fire:
The Soul returns to Rectitude, and shows,
That Heaven within, from whence that Influence flows.
Blest Peace! May every Soul that knows thy Name,
Fan thy just Fires and keep alive the Flame;
So their due Homage, to thy Blessing pay,
So banish Storms, and banish Crimes away.
Hail, Virgin Peace, thou Branch of Innocence,
How art thou sunk in early Crimes of Men,
How hard to be restor'd again,
And only art obtain'd in Penitence.
Thou bright *Effluvium*, of the Heavenly Ray,
Great Emanation, from Eternal Day;
The Guilty only from thee run,
Like Storms and Darkness from the Sun;
Darkness and Storms, with Guilty pace,
Flee from the Glorious Lustre of thy Face,
And Hell it self's Enrag'd to know,
Thy Absence helps to make her so.
When Men by Pride, and wild Ambition led,
For wild Ambition, oft distracts the Head;
Contend for Trifles, and make War,
To be less Happy than they are.
When thus against their Native Happiness,
They Fight with *Plenty*, and fall out with *Peace*;
How soon does War, its vile Effects Explain,
And his own Mischiefs [illegible] the Man;
Damn'd to Repentance, and his Fate
Show's him his Follies, but too late.
With Crowds of consequential Harms Oppress'd,
He Learns the Sweetness of unvalu'd Rest,
But Learns it at a price so Dear,
As makes his Early Follies soon appear:
Both sides well Beaten, call for Peace,
And find too late their Happiness.
Their Mutual Mischiefs, Mutual Wits restore,
And show them both, that both were Fools before;
Then, *Goddess*, to thy Courts they sue,
With Penitence, most likely to be true,
For none Repent, like those that feel,
The Smart of doing Ill.
Blest *Peace*! when Heaven, for Crimes of Guilty Men,
Commands thy Absence, whether do Nations run!
Kingdoms in Tumults, and Confusions Dye,
And sink in *Undirected Anarchy*.
Societies with Justice cease,
For what's our Property, without our Peace?
Contentions all Prosperity invade,
Like two fixt Stocks, to one *East-India* Trade;
Both Languish, while they strive and Fight,
And both Succeed, when they Unite.
Not Heaven it self, could Strife of Parties bear,
The first Attempt Un-Angel'd *Lucifer*;
The Mighty Seraph from his Glory fell,
And want of PEACE made up his Hell.
That was the Fire and Brimstone of the Place,
No Thoughts can form a more Distracted Case.
Not Devils feel worse Punishment,
Nor Words more Terror represent.
Nature in no worse Figure can appear,
'Tis more than Natures self can bear;

A

'Debate no more the Place of Woe,
'Tis Myst'ry all, and best it should be so,
Tell me no more of wild Philosophy,
Where weak Aspiring Nature soars too high;
Which Handmaid Sense, bewilders and Confounds,
With Reasons ill adapted Tools:
Attempts to square th' Extent of Souls,
As Men mark Lands, by Butts and Bounds.
Wou'd the Great *Be*, and *not to Be* Divide,
And all the Doubts of *Entity* decide;
The mighty Maze of *Wondrous Nothing* Tread,
And form the Wild Ideas in his Head:
Wou'd fathom *Chaos*, Life and Sp'rit dissect,
And all Superiour Light reject.
Scorn the mean Helps of Speculations,
And bring down God himself to Demonstrations.
The two Great Ends of Nature twine,
And Generation to Corruption join:
Cast up the Hours beyond *the Death of Time*,
And make the Humane comprehend Sublime;
Delineate Heaven, the Hills of Glory show,
And all the Vales of Darkness stretch'd below:
Describe the Depth of these, of those the Height,
Give *the Square-Root* of Infinite;
Unlock the Chain of Cause and Consequence,
Dismiss Almighty Providence;
The Bounds of Bright Eternal Day descry,
And form a Mathematical Eternity.
'Tis all in Vain, too short the Reach of Sense,
T' Embrace the high Dimensions of th'Immense:
No Rules can square, what we call GOD,
No Geography describe the *Dark* abode.
Bow, Mighty Reason, to thy Maker's Name,
For GOD and PEACE, are just the same;
Heaven is the Emanation of his Face,
And *want of Peace*, makes *Hell* in every place.
Tell us, ye Men of Notion, tell us why,
You seek for Bliss and wild Prosperity,
In Storms and Tempests, Feuds and War,
Is Happiness to be expected there?
Tell us what sort of Happiness,
Can Men in want of Peace possess?
Blest Charm of *Peace*, how sweet are all those hours,
We spend in thy Society!
Afflictions lose their Acid Powers,
And turn to Joys when join'd to thee.
The Darkest Article of Life with Peace,
Is but the Gate of Happiness;
Death in its blackest shapes can never fright,
Thou can'st see Day, beyond his Night;
The Smile of *Peace*, can Calm the Frown of Fate,
And, spight of Death, can Life Anticipate;
Nay, Hell it self, could it admit of Peace,
Would change its Nature, anh its Name would cease,
The Bright transforming Blessing would Destroy
The Life of Death, and Damn the Place to Joy;
'The *Metamorphosis*, would be so strange,
Twould fright the Devils, and make them bless the Change.
Or else the Brightness would be so intense,
They'd shun the Light, and flye from thence.
Let Heaven, that Unknown Happiness,
Be what it will, 'tis best describ'd by Peace.
No Storms without, or Storms within;
No Fear, no Danger there, because no Sin:
'Tis bright Essential Happiness,
Since He dwells within, whose Name is PEACE.

Who would not Sacrifice for thee,
All that Men call Felicity!
Since Happiness, is but an empty Name,
A Vapour without Heat or Flame;
But what from thy Original derives,
And Dyes with thee by whom it Lives.
When Kingdoms to the Laws of Peace submit!
What mighty Blessings crowd about her Seat!
Under the Ministry of Peace,
How soon will all a Nations Mischiefs cease!
How soon the Mighty Scepter in her Hand,
Scatters the Plagues and Sorrows of a Land!
From her Bright Face how son,
Will all Oppressions, and Injustice run!
The Plots and Parties of a State,
In her Bright Book may quickly read their Fate;
Nations and Men, when to their Sense restor'd,
Will set the Scepter up to Rule the Sword.
Even Hypocrites, to thee pay Sacrifice,
Borrow thy Name for their Disguise;
By thee conceal the Seeds of Strife,
And Sanctifie the Villanies of Life.
Thou art the Great Pretence of War,
When Tyrants in thy Robes appear,
When Kings by Lust of Rule, and Power misled,
Pamper'd by Providence and over fed;
Fall out for Power to Oppress,
And then pretend 'tis all for PEACE.
Ambition, that Old Painted Whore of State,
That she may look as Fair as Great;
Wears thy Old Cloaths, and in that Gawdy Dress,
With Bold [illegible]
Cloath'd in thy Robes, how Fair she looks and Bright,
And shines Delusive Beams of borrow'd Light.
Makes Guilded Injury appear,
With Charms of Right, and Sanctifies the War;
As Princes, when they weaker Power Oppress,
First give them *Poverty*, then call it PEACE.
War, Devastation, Violence, and Blood,
As Guilty Men would have them understood;
All in their turn pretend to *Peace*,
And Cry out Property, when they Oppress;
Chast Nymph, how is thy Name Prophan'd,
When Villains *suck thee* to their wild Designs;
Till the Unnatural End's obtain'd,
And time the Mighty Fraud Explains!
In strong Alliance, see the World Combin'd.
To Injury and Wrong enclin'd,
The Embattl'd Squadrons, spread the Field of War,
The Plunder'd Towns in Flames appear;
The General Ruin like a Flood,
Condemns the Ravag'd Plains, to Barranness and Blood:
The Royal Firebrands o' th' World appear;
And Plead the Conscientious Cause of War,
Blast Nations with their wild Success,
And still pretend 'tis all for PEACE.
In Ecclesiastick Quarrels 'tis the same,
Where *Hierarchy's* the thing, and PEACE the Name;
Th' Enthusiastick Errors Mad Men broach,
All Cry the Peace and Union of the Church,
The mighty Cheat's in strong Delusions dress't,
And Peace becomes the Church's Jest;
The Holy Varnish colours the Deceit,
And *High-Church Projects* work beneath the sacred Cheat.
Thus all the Tyranny of Priests,
Cover'd with Clouds, and Ecclesiastick Mists,

Zealous Masks for Conſcience ſake oppreſs,
And damn Mens Souls to purchaſe Peace.
If Reaſon prompts an injur'd Land,
To take their due Defence in hand;
If Nations fly to Nature's Laws,
Howe'er provok'd, or whatſoe'er the Cauſe:
Wild Power dreſt up like Juſtice takes the Sword,
Oppreſſion's the Deſign, and *Peace* the Word;
The Innocent, as for Rebellion, dye,
The double Mask deceives the Eye:
Nations deluded hunt an Empty Name,
Abus'd by Cuſtom, and debauch'd by Fame,
Nature brought in a Rebel t' her own Laws,
And ſtoops to wild Pretence inſtead of Cauſe.
Yet Peace is ſtill the ſame, the Chaſte, the Fair,
Her Native Beauties will appear.
In ſpight of Clouds and Counterfeits, her Name
Breaks thro' the Cheat, and well ſecures her Fame;
Where-e'er her Balmy Couch is ſpread,
Where-e'er She makes her Flow'ry Bed,
Plenty, her handmaid, brings her Cluſters in
The Grateful Tribute of the Vine:
Ceres brings loaden Sheaves, and *Neptune* Fleets,
And Foreign Wealth, with Native meets:
Celeſtial Odours crown her Spicy Bed,
And Rays of Goodneſs ſhine about her Head.
Th' Obſequious Seaſons at her Elbow ſtand,
And Streams of Fulneſs flow from either Hand.
Th' Enlivening Son-beams join their chearful Aid,
And wanton Nature ſports beneath her Shade.
Bleſt *Peace*, the higheſt Treaſure Men poſſeſs,
How happy are the Nations Thou wilt bleſs!
How doubly Curs'd, if that can be,
And Blind to his own Happineſs, is He;
That courts Eternal Feuds, and loves to Jar;
That ſucks in Native Strife, and feeds on War;
That covets Storms, and ſeeks to live in Flames,
And ſhuns the guilded Streams;
The Gentle Calms of thy Pacifick Sea,
Where all's Delight and Harmony!
Next Her, the very Image of her Face,
Her Siſter *UNION* takes her Place;
Twin-births of *Wiſdom* She the Child of Time,
Of Genealogy Sublime:
God-like the Race, and of Inlightned Birth,
And rarely, *very rarely* found on Earth.
The Genial Flame from Heaven impregnate ſtands,
And all the Kinds of Happineſs commands;
No Song their Luſtre can reherſe,
When hand in hand they gild the Univerſe:
They make the Meaneſt Actions ſhine,
And *Humane* Wiſdom ſeems *Divine*.
When ſtruggling with the Luſts and Pride of Men,
Peace ſtrives to bleſs a Land in vain;
But, cruſh'd with Clamour and Ungovern'd Rage,
She quits th' Embarraſs'd Stage:
When War prevails, *that Frenzy of the Mind*,
That *General Lunacy* of all Mankind;
When thus the *Bloody Scenes* are drawn,
And all Reſtraints are gone;
Reaſon and *Juſtice* quit the Stage,
And Senſe it ſelf ſubmits to *Tyrant Rage*;
Her Siſter *Union* turns the happy Scale,
'Tis whom ſhe pleaſes ſhall prevail;
She only can the Strife decide,
And *byaſs Victory* to the *Weakeſt Side*.

UNION is Natures ſtrong Cement,
The *Life* of *Power*, and *Soul* of *Government*:
Without it, all the World's a Mob;
Confuſion's Univerſal Monarch of the Globe;
Armies are *Crowds of Lunaticks* got looſe,
Whoſe Power for want of Reaſon's out of Uſe;
Meer Hoords of *Tartars*, Wild and Rude,
Diſſolv'd in Mother Multitude.
Even Government it ſelf muſt Dye,
In Wild Uncultivated Anarchy;
The Bond diſſolves, *what ſhould the Parts retain?*
When once the UNION of the whole's Deſtroy'd;
The Engine's uſeleſs, all the Parts remain,
Like *Native Chaos*, Vaſt and Void.
Union's, the Mighty Guide of Humane things,
The Bond of Nations, and the *Power of Kings*.
Crowns *without thee* ſit looſe, and Tottering ſhow,
To what ſtrange Influence *they* their Safety owe;
The High Precarious Gilded Triffes ſtand,
Subject to *every Tumults* Vile Command:
The Dang'rous Precipice of Diſcord lies,
The Gulph of Princes, and of Monarchy's;
The Ill ſupported State of Humane Power,
Deſtroys it ſelf, and *muſt it ſelf Devour*,
Union once broke, the Power Diſſolves of Courſe,
And Laws, and Conſtitutions loſe their force.
CHAOS *Succeeds on either hand*,
None can Obey, and none Command;
The Fate of Government muſt ſoon appear,
Rabble will Govern *here*, or Tyrants *there*.
Bright Charming Siſters, *whither are you Fled?*
Where is youe Bright Pavilion ſpread?
What *Halcyon* Climates cloſe your bleſt Abodes?
If 'tis with Men, *you make thoſe Men like Gods!*
There be my Portion, with what-e're Miſchance,
No Ills can countervail the Difference.
No Ills can reach the Mind, that PEACE ſecure,
Unmov'd, he Fortunes Storms endures.
And Fortune's Storms They *ſhall endure*, that place
In thy bleſs'd Smiles their Happineſs:
Peace, while eclips'd with Fear and Doubt,
They that have *moſt* within, have *leaſt* without.
Of all thy bleſs'd admiring Train,
'Tis hard *that I alone* ſhould wiſh in Vain!
That *I at Diſtance* view thy Shade,
Am *Lean with Expectation* made!
When to the World thou mak'ſt a ſhort Return,
Me Onely thou haſt ſeem'd to *ſhun*!
Me thou re-viſit'ſt not; but Storms of Men,
Voracious and Unſatisfy'd as *Death*,
Spoil in their *Hands*, and *Poiſon* in the *Breath*,
With Rage of Devils *hunt me down*,
And to *abate my* Peace, *Deſtroy* their *own*.
Aſſaſſins, Men of Fire and Blood,
And that *worſt Murther*, Slander and Reproach,
Ages of Time my Soul has ſtood
The bitter Blaſts and Rage of ſuch;
Untainted yet with Vice, at War with *Crime*,
My ſtrong *Appeal's* to *Truth*, to *Heaven*, and *Time*.
Beſieg'd by Men of Cruelty *and Law*,
Who Kill by Rules, and call it juſt,
Who Right *with Cords of Int'reſt* draw,
Till Juſtice is with Humane Rage oppreſt:
That bind the Hands from Induſtry,
Pinion the willing Wings, and bid Men fly.
Theſe, like the *Huſſars* on the *Rhine*,

Whose P lund'rings are Compassions all to mine;
Ravage the Villages, lay wast the Land,
And still their *Contributions they Demand*;
So first they rifle me *the shorteſt Way*,
And when they've stript me Naked, bid me Pay!
In all their *Fury*, *Rage* and *Heat*,
My *Morning Vows*, even for them I make.
I neither seek nor wish their Fate,
Within my self, I find a safe Retreat;
And PEACE, no Power of Hell can shake.
In forty Gaols, this *Halycon Beam* will shine,
The Malice shall be theirs, *the Peace be mine*.
'Tis Vain to Conquer me by Fear,
I scorn the Baseneſs of Deſpair;
Brought up in *Teaching Sorrows*——School,
In Peace and Patience, I poſſeſs my Soul;
Am Maſter of my Mind,
And *there* the HEAVEN of Satisfaction find.
Let them Ten thouſand barb'rous Methods try,
When they'll no longer let me live, *I'LL DYE*;
Of all their Fury I shall have
An Unconteſted Conqueſt in the Grave.
Till then, bleſt Angel of Eternal Light,
Soft Peace, be thou the Day's Delight,
Be thou *my Solace* in the Night:
'Tis *Thou alone* inſpir'ſt by Pen,
And calm'ſt my Soul, and keep'ſt it smooth within;
Witneſs the *DAILY TRIBUTE* that I pay,
Witneſs *this very HYMN* to Thee.
The *Noiſie World* diſtracts my Head no more,
Than Raging Billows ſhake the Shore;
The *Foam* and *Froth* they leave behind,
Tell us there have been *Waves* and *Wind*.
But *the Eternal Bound* remains the ſame,
Fixt by th' *Eternal Voice*, and like his Name:
Unmov'd, in all their Watry Rage deſpiſe,
And ſends them back *to quarrel with the Air*;
So I the *Rage of Men* deſpiſe,
Unmov'd by *Deſperation*, or by *Fear*:
Firm as the Rocks, in rowling Seas abide,
When Floods of Doubts, and Dangers paſs beſide:
When Griefs Aſſault me, or when Comfort flows,
I'm *Undepreſs'd* by theſe, *Unrais'd* by thoſe;
Miſchance can find no Footing to begin,
I'm *Calm without*, becauſe I'm *Clear within*.
Enquiring Poet, ſearch among the Dead;
This thither, PEACE, and UNION fled;
However *Rival'd here*, they're ſure to have,
An Uncontroul'd Dominion *in the Grave*,
There all the Parties will Unite;
No more for *Air*, and *Shadows* Fight,
Enlighten'd by the *Change of Scenes* they ſee,
Through all our Politick Hypocriſie.
All the Religious Shams we make,
When we the Nations PEACE, for Trifles break;
Naked and bare Pretences *there* are ſeen,
The empty Shams, of *Weak Wiſe Men*.
No miſts of State, can Cloud *thoſe Skies*,
Souls ſee without the Agency of Eyes:
Mediums and *Hier*[illegible]*thick Nature* ceaſe,
And all Men know, what *all will not poſſeſs*.
The Vails of *thin Mortality* withdrawn,
A Bright Eternal Day begins to Dawn.
A different Face of things appears in View,
And all *False Glimmering Lights*, give way to True;
Actions of Men, howe're Conceal'd, muſt there,
In all their *Native Nudities* appear.
There Hypocrites will freely ceaſe,
To watch for Blood, and *Cant of Peace*.
Unhappy *ENGLAND*! How from thee,
Do Crowds of Blinded Fools, *go there to ſee*;
That Wedded to their Follies, part from hence,
Under *the Strong Invaſions* of their Sence,
Hag-ride by Party Prejudice,
And prompted to depend on Lies;
Are ſent to Graves and Darkneſs for their Eyes:
Cou'ed they return from *that Dark ſhore*:
And talk of what they *Acted here* before,
They'd be like Men, from *Holland* lately come,
They that go *High Church Out*, come *Low Church Home*!
The *Corion's* Picture, will at large be ſhown,
Who Swears by *Forty God's*, believes *in none*;
And all *his Cants* of Liberty and Church,
Detected by himſelf, himſelf Reproach.
L———*ly* Unmask'd *there*, in his Native Dreſs,
Does what *he is* appear, not *what he does Profeſs*;
There they the ſtrange *Ænigma's* underſtand,
That Harraſs this Divided Land.
It muſt be as Ridiculous as plain,
And Miſts of Parties interpoſe in Vain.
What *L---ly means*, when he *pretends*,
Firſt to *Diſown* the Church that he *defends*?
And how he'd have that Meaning known,
When *he defends* the Church that *he'll diſown*.
Was ever Nation mock'd with *Peace* like this?
Peace both our Happineſs, and *our Diſeaſe*!
All Men the mighty Benefit pretend,
And thoſe that mock the *Means*, will bleſs the *End*,
Unhappy Engliſhmen! at laſt be Wiſe,
No more your proper Happineſs deſpiſe;
No more be *led by Knaves* in Fools Diſguiſe:
Summon your Reaſon in to be your Guide,
Or let your Senſe the Mighty Cauſe decide.
Can Perſecution bring forth Peace?
And Miſeries *be tack'd* to Happineſs?
Blaſpheme no more the Light of Common Sence,
Nor let your Actions claſh with Providence;
For Conſequence will always *Cauſe obey*,
And guide the World, *as Light* directs the Eye.
Confuſions never fail to plague a Land,
Where wild Precipitations go before;
Nature and *Providence* go hand in hand,
And *This* permits, what *That* does firſt procure,
Bleſt Article of Humane Good,
How wilt thou have thy Name be underſtood?
Unmask the Noiſie Clamours of the Age.
And ſhew thy *Dazling Face* upon our Stage.
How would our Hypocrites avoid thy Face!
Purple and *Scarlet* quit the Place!
How void would be the *Pulpit*, *Bench*, and *Bar*,
Where all *thy Mimicks* now appear!
How would they bluſh, when thy bleſt Face they ſee,
Withdraw their awkward Pageanty;
Pay their Juſt Debt *to Guilt* in *Shame*,
And give due Homage *to thy Rev'rend Name*!
In every Province of this Land,
Heaven ſtop in Mercy his Revenging Hand!
What Monſters *THY COMMISSION* bear
In *Thy Defence* and Name, what *R--kes* appear;
That act the *Mountebank of State*,
And mock the Name of *Magiſtrate*!
Cover the *Bench* with Frauds and Vice.

With boasted Bribes, and Partialities.
See the *Illiterata Wtrecht* enrob'd with Power,
The poor Man's Property devour;
Debauch'd with Pride, and *wise by Chance*,
He boasts of *Gravity* and *Ignorance*.
Eternal Violence adorns his Gate,
The Motto of *Barren Magistrate*;
Yet when by Law he studies to oppress,
He's call'd *a Justice of the Peace*.
Thee Momus, Patron of the half-thaught Race,
To our Surprize, and thy Disgrace;
What Rabble hast thou cloath'd with Power and Law.
To keep *Inferiour K———s* in Awe!
Exalting Fools to make the Nations Wise,
And hoodwink Justice with the vile Disguise.
Momus *makes Justices*, and lists the Band,
That should reform the vicious Land;
And from the *huge Bordelloes of the Nation*,
Sets *Humane Devils* up for Reformation.
Were all the Rabble of his Magistrates,
Upon the *Stage of Shame* to take their Seats;
Never was such a *Cavalcade* of Sin,
So Grave *without*, so Black *within*:
Never was *Peace* buffoon'd at such a rate,
Or *Crime* so courted by the Magistrate.
See, sleepy *Momus*, see thy chosen Race,
Hell in the *Heart*, and Justice in the *Face*!
The Countrey's Scandal, and thy Shame,
Lewd in their Manners, *Vile* in Name.
In *Aspect Grave*, and *Dissolute in Life*,
Correct the Husband, and *debauch* the Wife.
Never wes Bench of Justice so supply'd,
And Peace by *her own Sons* defy'd!
With *Beaus* and *Boys*, with *Bullies*, and *Buffoons*!
Just so the *French* reform by their Dragoons.
Momus in strict Confed'racy with Crime.
Too plain his Project, and *too long* his Time,
With sublimated Spleen, and Party-Strife,
Debauch'd in Politicks, but *Grave in Life*,
The *Bench*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Bar*,
Supplies with *High Church* Sons of War:
The Party, not the Manners, he enquires,
And thus he kindles High Church Fires,
W——h now no more shall modest Men alarm,
Debauch'd by Custom, when he thinks no Harm;
Ancient in Vice, and Innocent in Crime,
And quite worn out with *Sin* and *Time*,
Be Hell-born *Ch———s* now the Satyr's Mark,
That swears by Day-light, murthers in the dark;
Supplies his Want of Vice by want of Wit,
And boasts of Crimes he never could commit;
That Balances his old Accounts with Hell,
With L——s that no Man *but himself* can tell;
Tangier, the *Guards*, and thirty Years Debauch,
Compleated him a Champion of *the Church*;
Pray for that Town, *Good People*, whose Consent,
Allow'd his Vices, their's should Represent,
And strove to send the Wrecth to Parliament.
Could stupid *Momus* find no Wretch but this,
To Bully Justice on a Bench of Peace.
Our harden'd Sinners are but Fools to him,
He lives up to *the Dignity of Crime*,
Bawdy and *Blasphemy* supply his Tongue,
Hurry the Vile Distemper'd Wretch along;
To Villanies of such Uncommon size,
Make Nature blush, and fill Men with Surprize.

And should he thirty Years Command the PEACE,
Our Verse secures him this one Happiness;
The harden'd, Self condemn'd, *abandon'd Elf*,
Shall never *Punish V———n* like himself.
Such, *Momus*, is thy Chequer-Work, and Art,
So hast thou Spangl'd every part,
Such Prodigies of Crime possess,
The hig *Deputed Government* of PEACE.
Momus himself can never Name,
Tho' Sleepy *Momus* does not know,
Whether he can or no,
In *forty Justices*, one Man of Common Fame.
Some are so Scandalous in Lives,
Their Hist'ry has *no Negatives*:
Here from the *Bawdy-House*, to th' Bench they go,
And Fine the W———s, they first *made so*.
There *W——field* Justices, at Sessions meet,
Sir Drinking o're the Judgment Seat,
Till *Country Squire* gets *too Drunk to pay*,
Then Bilks the House, and *Quorum* sneaks away.
These *Momus*, are thy Blest Reforming Crew,
For whose Advancement all the Whigs withdrew;
And you with *hard Mouth'd Wretches*, fill their Places,
That *Swear by Pistol-Light* to Faces,
That Forge and Bribe, and Perjure all Mankind,
To carry on the Mischief they design'd.
Yet, *Momus*, all things answer not thy End,
In *B----gate's* part, the Devil was not thy Friend;
Satyr, must *B ---gate's* Modesty Protect,
Who knew himself too Drunk to act;
He Blush'd to Execute the vast Extent
Of Power, that *Momus* never blush'd to Grant;
'Tis hard his Drink shou'd Sense refine,
But see *the Modesty of Wine*;
B--gate, the first Converting Church Dragoon,
First mounts his Horse, to pull Dissenters down;
See him into the Assembly Ride,
The Justice tell the Priest *he Ly'd*.
The Language like the Posture very Wise,
Just as he acted PEACE, in *Grave Disguise*.
He knows his Name's too Scandalous, to bear,
That Badge of Justice, *which he ought to fear*;
He can't Conform his Vicious Will,
T' exert *that Whip*, he knows he *ought to feel*;
Some Men have Modesty in Vice,
And he's a Fool indeed, that's never Wise.
But we'll no more the Catalogue Survey,
Momus himself, has led the way:
May the *BLACK LIST*, of his Infernal Troop,
Like him to Wiser Agents stoop.
The blushing Nation long has seem'd to wait,
When Guilt should make him Abdicate;
That meaner Men of Justice, may take Place,
That have it *more in Head*, and *less in Face*.
Nor shall our Verse, examine here the Lists,
Of his Exalted *Modern Priests*;
How like the rest, in Morals and in Sence,
And how by sadder Consequence:
Religion Languishes, and Justice Dyes,
O're run with Vice, and Immoralities;
How Sacred Oracles Decay,
And Vice pulls Down the Church *the shortest way*.
Tell us no more of Crown and Church,
No more our Loyalty Reproach:
The Men of God pull Down your Fabrick more,
Than all the Sons of Hell, that went before:

Whens

When Law's with Ignorance o're ran,
And Justice Dye's the State's undone;
When Sacred Vestments, Sacred Villains hide,
And Crime's by Habit Sanctifi'd.
Religion Prostitute the Text Profan'd,
Good God, how can we think the Church shou'd stand!
These her Foundations Undermine,
And then to hide the Vile Design;
The Innocent in Ruder Terms Reproach,
And Cry the Danger of the Church!
Nor let our Charity be Censur'd here,
Because we Crowds of Characters forbear.
The Bead-Roll of whose Crimes would show,
Too black for our Posterity to know;
And are conceal'd in meer Compassion,
Not to themselves alone, but all the Nation;
That Foreign Countries may not see,
Our Ecclesiastick Nudity;
And it become a New Proverbial Jest,
To be as Wicked, as an English Priest.
And yet our Lines must to ourselves be Just,
Some Crimes may not be told, but others must;
When Men cannot their own Disgrace with-hold,
What cannot be avoided must be Told:
Blush, Readers, for a bleeding Nation's Fate,
When we the Name of A——ee relate;
A modest Pen can hardly bear to write,
The Crimes he never blushes to commit.
'Tis hard when Men run up to such a Height.
What Poets would conceal themselves will write:
Their Actions such a Vein of Crime contain,
'Tis their own Satyr, and they're spar'd in vain.
And should I this one Character forbear,
The Stones themselves the horrid Facts would speak,
How he with Hypocritick Pray'r,
His Peoples Sundays Blessing can prepare,
And damns them all the Week.
Cover'd with Sacred Robes, he's White and Clean
But, black with Slander, 's all debauch'd within;
Yet, lest the the Church's Cause should sink,
He dares to tread on the Commandments Brink;
Usurps upon the Keeper of the Fold,
And swears his Curacy's a Good Freehold.
And yet this Wretch with horrid Front pretends,
To rank himself among the Church's Friends.
Scandal to all Religion! Were the Church
Once freed from that too just Reproach;
That she does not such Sons of Crime expel,
She'd stand in Spight of all the Gates of Hell.
Was ever Nation thus Buffoon'd,
By her own Teachers she's Lampoon'd.
Ye Hypocrites! If you can understand,
Reform your Clergy, and your Church will stand.
Vice is the Church's Danger and Disease.
'Tis Crime alone destroys her Peace;
'Tis Crime lets Error in, and Error Strife,
Youl'd soon reform her Doctrine in her Life.
If you would then the Church's Fame restore,
Give her but Peace she asks no more:
Peace would turn all her Men of Scandal out,
Tell me the Church that ever stood without!
'Tis done! Heaven said Amen, the mighty Vow
Was heard where Discord reigns below.
Th' August Assemblies Hand in Hand proclaim
Their Homage PEACE to thy Eternal Fame;
With Joint Assent approach the Throne,
Such Thunder needs must strike the Hydra down,
To think their High Allies had lost the Day,
And must to hated PEACE give way.
Hell trembled when the weighty News came down,
It shook the Black Imperial Throne;
It struck the fallen Seraph with Surprize,
He knew the Dying Party ne'er could rise.
When to his Oracle their Crouds repair.
The best Advice he gives them is, Despair,
He spoke, and all his Party has obey'd,
Some Trifling Hopes indeed their Fear delay'd;
But when Brittannia's Sons address'd their Queen,
Despair, that Mark of Hell, was plainly seen;
Pale with the Anguish of their Minds,
Their Envy no Emission finds,
But dumb With Rage, they view the Hated PEACE,
That fixes England's Happiness.
Pity their weaken'd Rage, and take some Care,
Watch 'em, Good People all, lest in Despair
They obey the Dev'l, and hang themselves for Fear.
'Tis done! Bright PEACE has got the Day;
The Mists of Parties flee away.
The Dazling Beams of Heaven'ly Glory shine,
Immortal PEACE, the Victory's fairly thine.
Where are those Sons of Belial, bring them down,
That grudg'd th' Angelick Saint her Crown?
That boldly said she should not Reign,
Satyr——produce them, let them all be slain.
Let all those Sons of God and Men appear,
Who Leviod first this High Church War.
Let them the wondrous Declaration read,
That struck their Hydra thro' his Hundredth Head.
Let them their Pulpit-Eccho's contradict,
'Twas there they did first PEACE reject.
'Twas there that Noise of Nothing first they broach'd,
Their Country and their Queen reproached,
Frighted our Children with the Mouth Cry
Of Danger to the Church and Monarchy
Alarm'd the Nation, rouz'd Britannia's Sons,
Each Hero to the Place of Hazard runs;
But to their Joy surpriz'd no less,
They found 'twas all in Perfect PEACE.
Safety and PEACE in thriving Posture grow,
And none saw Danger here, but those that wish'd it so.
Let all those Mountebanks of State
Receive, for PEACE is Death to them, their Fate.
Let all the Healing Breezes of *thy* Air,
Stagnate their Hopes of *Party-War.*
Let Men of Strife and Chagrin feel within
The strong Convulsions of *Expiring Sin.*
The Nation *felt it* like a Man possest,
And strong *Exorcisms* dislodge the *Dreadful Guest.*
The Struggles of Departing Feud
Will make perhaps *some Ravings* in the Blood,
Which verted *at the Tongue* with Rage and Pain,
May cause *long Speeches to be made in vain.*
'Tis but the Pangs of their *Departing Breath,*
Are there no Thunders, Tremblings of the Earth,
Day-Stars, and *Comets* to presage?
Horror oft stirs when Devils quit the Stage.
All's vanish'd here, the *Fiends withdrew,*
Their Party-struggles *mean* and *few.*
Some small *Vulcano's* belch'd their *Stench and Fire,*
But 'twas *en passant,* f——t, and so expire.
Like Meteors in the Air that flie,
As soon as they're Inflam'd *they die;*
Or Guns, where soon as Air has vent,
Just as the Noise is made, 'tis spent;
So had our Clamours at th' Approach of *PEACE,*
Just Life enough to hiss, and *then decease.*
They're Dead! The blazing Aspect of thy Face,
IMMORTAL *PEACE,* has clear'd the Place,
See daily how *their Fugitives* come in,
And Crouds of Captives *bow* before *Thy Queen;*
The Leaders own the fair Defeat.
And all their *Bubl'd Votaries* submit;
Pride boils in some, and makes them scorn to yeld,
But Shame has bid them quit the Field,
Submit to unexpected Fate,
And own their Party-Fortunes *Desperate;*
Nor is this all, *Misfortune's ne'er alone,*
Now they're in Danger to be quite undone,
The Circumstance is very Dark,
They cannot bite and *must not bark;*
Or if they do, *'tis Frenzy* all, and *Feud,*
And is but laught at *by the Multitude.*
Hard Fate of Madmen, that when they're in Pain,

No Men regard when they Complain.
Thus Feud and Party-Strife ſuppreſs'd and dead,
Millions of Miſchiefs with them fled.
Envy with Teeming Proſpects ſwell'd, and big,
Does now the Grave of her own Off ſpring dig.
Abortive Projects daily come,
The *Nauſeous Froth* of her Miſcarrying Womb;
Like Monſters by their *Parents Hands they die*,
And PEACE does calmly all their Rage defie.
What *wild Effort?* What ſtrange *Delirious* Dreams?
What undigeſted half-drawn *Schemes?*
What Inconſiſtent unſubſiſting *Thought*
Have they from *unperforming Envy* brought?
What *Brainleſs uncuncoted things* proceed,
Th' Effects of *Windmills in the Head?*
What Engines without Form or Shape
The Great Machine of Government to ape?
What Shifts, what Shams, what artleſs Turns of State,
That *haſten* rather than *prevent* their Fate?
Have all our *Men of Speeches* try'd
Before their *ſick'ning Party* dy'd?
Was ever *Head* with Brain and Learning *ſtor'd*,
That did of old ſuch wondrous things afford?
At one half Turn *ſo gravely mad!*
So many mean Incongruous *Nothings* ſaid:
How weak are all Diſguiſes to conceal,
That Folly which *its own Defects* reveal!
Nonſenſe infallibly affords
Something that cannot be conceal'd by Words;
And Inconſiſtence will in Spight of Rule,
If it conceals *the K——e*, betray *the F——*.
Therefore to judge them Termagant and Mad,
Are the *beſt Natur'd things* that can be ſaid;
For he that can his *Native Country curſe*,
If he is not Diſtracted, *muſt be worſe*.
Soft Gentle PEACE, *peculiar to thee*,
How mild, *how bloodleſs*, is thy Victory!
The Rebels that withſtand thy Law,
Are only bound *from Harms*, and kept in Awe.
Their *Schemes indeed are baulk'd*, their Projects ſlain,
Their Perſons all in Life remain,
Are ſafe in their Subjection to thy Name,
Only receive their Puniſhment *in Shame*.
Nor does the Gentle Conqu'ror only ſpare
Her Rebels, but thoſe Rebels *taſte her Care*;
Under her Soft and Gentle Shade,
She keeps them happy that her *Realms Invade*;
Prevents them only of that Harm
They'd do themſelves, and with her Gentle Charm
She lets them all her Subjects Bleſſings Share,
And learns them thus the Difference of Peace and War.
VICTORIOUS PEACE, how happy are thoſe Lands
Where willing Princes bow to thy Commands!
No Nations are *by far* ſo bleſt as they
Thar ſeek to ſtoop to thy *Eternal Sway*:
Thy Kingdom Form, and thy Commands obey.
Britannia, yet a Stranger to thy Fame,
How does ſhe Glory now ſhe knows thy Name.
In vain ſhall War remoter Empires pierce,
And *Men of Terror* vex the Univerſe;
If thy bleſt Scepter Governs U S at home,
Nations *will here* to pay thee Tribute *come*;
The Wealth of all the World will round thee flow,
And Empires to *Britannia's Scepter bow*.
Nations *with Envy* ſhall our Safety ſee,
While *Britain's* GLORIOUS QUEEN ſhall rule *by thee*.

Concluſion to the QUEEN.

HAil, *Queen of* PEACE, the Nations beſt Defence,
Terror of Crime, and Shade of Innocence;
The *Joy*, the *Pride*, the *Pleaſure* of the Land,
Which You in Plenty guide, in PEACE *command*;
Calm as that Heaven whoſe Circle bounds the Eys,
And *bright* from true *Celeſtial Majeſty*.
You Reign admir'd, the Helm with Glory ſteer,
And give us PEACE amidſt the Storms of War.
When we the Courſe of *England's Fate* review,
We find no Monarch guided right *like you*;
Your *Majeſty* by Heavens ſecurer Hand,
Has learnt the *True Arcana* of Command.
Your Anceſtors by Policy or Power,
Strove our *reſign'd Subjection* to ſecure,
And made th' Obedient Nation *tamely bear*
Some Loads *for Quietneſs*, and ſome *for Fear*.
The Tottering Throne was *Canker like* maintain'd,
By feeding on the Vitals of the Land;
The feeble Carcaſs of the Government,
By Tyrranny and wild Oppreſſion rent,
Dy'd of that *Hectick Feaver*, DISCONTENT.
Reviv'd in You, its Reſurrection ſhows,
What Government to Application ows:
How Juſtice calls a Nation from the Dead,
And how the Body's influenc'd *by the Head?*
They Rul'd by Politicks and ſtudied Arts,
But *You* have found *the Paſſage* to our Hearts.
Deſpotick Rule can there no Grievance prove,
For Arbitrary Power's no Crime in Love.
MADAM, this Title makes you abſolute,
Where *Love's the Bondage*, Subjects ne'er Diſpute;
Prerogatives and Laws are Foreign things,
The Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings.
Your Majeſty when you Invite to *PEACE*,
Proves that you can, *Heaven Grant You due Succeſs*;
Both *ſeek* and *underſtand* our Happineſs.
'Tis *Peace* and *Union*, makes the Nation Thrive,
Give Laws their Birth, and keeps thoſe Laws alive;
Union's the Nation's Life, and *Peace* the Soul,
Union preſerves the parts, and *Peace* the wole;
'Tis *Peace* and *Union* that Support the Throne,
Union the Peoples Part, and *Peace* the Crown;
When Bodies Politick ſeem Sick and Dead,
Union revives the Members, *Peace* the Head;
The Siſters always *hand in hand* proceed,
UNION to fortifie, and *PEACE to feed.*
No Nation can our Happineſs Invade,
UNION our Hearts ſecures, and *PEACE* our Trade;
Religion ſhares the Bleſſing theſe procure,
This will Diſſenters, *That* the Church ſecure;
And Chriſtian Graces in Conjunction move,
PEACE, Charity procures; and *UNION*, Love.
UNION is Freedom join'd to Government,
And *PEACE* is Property in due Extent.
In every Article the Bleſſing's ſeen,
UNION's a Parliament, and *PEACE* the QUEEN:
Where *PEACE* and *UNION* once a Land poſſeſs,
The Houſes alwoys Joyn, when they Addreſs.
From the ſame Cauſe, to the ſame End they move,
They *aim at Safety*, and *commence* in Love;
The Conſtituted Parts make up one whole,
Different in Body, but the ſame in Soul.
UNION's your Lords and Commons hand in hand,
Stating the ſteady Poſture of the Land.
PEACE is the People's Joy, which they Expreſs,

Shouting

Shouting a loud AMEN to that Addreſs.
UNION's your Living Spring, of Means and Ways,
And PEACE and unexhauſted Fund of Praiſe;
UNION with hands up lift, ſeeks Aid from Heaven,
And PEACE returns with Thanks, for Aid that's given.
UNION's a People, willingly in awe,
And PEACE a *Princeſs*, Governing by Law.
UNION's a People, Joyn'd with juſt Aſſent,
To bleſs their Maker for the Government;
PEACE is a Prince, that Joys in that Succeſs,
Of which his People *all the Fruits* poſſeſs.
Thus Princes, when they Invite a Land to PEACE,
Both ſeek and underſtand their Happineſs.
MADAM, when You our Party PEACE propoſe,
You Stab the Mighty Projects of your Foes;
Your Healing Words, as from your Lips they fall,
Are Wounds ſtruck deep, it to their Party Gall;
But when you ſtoop to argue and perſwade,
Your Words like Darts, the very Soul invade;
The moving Eloquence in Words of PEACE,
When Princes Court their Peoples Happineſs,
Have ſomething *ſo Unuſual*, and ſo great,
Such ſoft Impreſſions in the Soul Create;
As leave no room to Speak, *but wonder at.*
PEACE like the Sun; when it draws *near the Pole*,
This melts the *Frozen Zone*, and that *the Soul*;
Mountains of Party Feud and Rage give way,
And flye from PEACE, as *Nights abſconds the Day.*
The ſtrange *Transforming Power* of *PEACE* appears,
And while You Speak, You *mould the Soul* that hears:
Thus *MADAM*, Heaven it ſelf You imitate,
And while You talk of PEACE, *Your Words Create!*
Legions of Humane Dev'ls *Your Voice Transforms*,
And that one Word You *laid three Nations Storms.*
Even Satyr feels the Sov'raign Influence,
Satyr provok'd, in Vertues juſt Defence;
Engag'd with Devils and *the Crimes of Men*,
Yet while Write of PEACE, it Calms my Pen.
The Whips and Scorpions, *Madam*, thrown away,
You call for PEACE, and *Satyr muſt Obey*;
What tho' with Injury and Crowds Oppreſs'd,
Unhappy only as by You Unbleſs'd;
Yet in his Breaſt he Cruſhes his Deſigns,
And Writes for PEACE in *his Sereneſt Lines.*
Your Majeſty the Pen it ſelf reforms,
And makes him Write of PEACE, *that Lives in Storms.*
Compaſs'd with Parties, and *the Rage of Men*,
You Check the juſt Reſentment of his Pen;
To Temper turns, and with the calmeſt Air,
He Sings that *PEACE*, of which he reaps no ſhare.
PEACE is the *Baſis* of your Glorious Throne,
And *PEACE*, the Brighteſt Jewel in your Crown,
'Tis *PEACE* would make your Enemies Deſpair;
'Tis *PEACE* they more *than all your Armies* fear.
UNION and *PEACE*, Compoſe the high Intent,
This th' End of Juſtice, *that* of Government;
Kings that to *any other purpoſe* Reign,
The Sword they bear is always born in Vain,
By differing ways your Government's ſecur'd,
You by the *Scepter* Reign, and *They* the *Sword.*
Theſe we call Tyrants, tho' a King's the Name,
A Maſk of Glory, on a Mock of Fame.
YOUR MAJESTY, while You to *Peace* Encline,
Has made your Scepter really *Divine*;
Kings that like You, the Ends of Ruling know,
Are truly Sacred, Heaven Declares them ſo;
While Heaven and You the ſelf ſame think intend,
You Bleſs the Means, as You *purſue the End.*
The Royal Scepter which You timely bore.
And *none e're Grac'd that Royal Scepter* more:
So far's *Divine*, as by the High Decree,
The Means and End Join in Your Majeſty;
For Crowns and Dignities are giv'n in Vain,
Where Kings for any End *but Juſtice* Reign;
Power thus concurs to Generals Happineſs,
For Juſtice always ends in Calms and PEACE.
Suffer the Poet, MADAM, to aſpire,
And *bear the Blaze*, where *You have rais'd the Fire*;
Prophetick Ardour makes the ſtrong Impreſs,
'Tis You gave Pinions to his Artleſs Verſe,
Humble and Mean, he never us'd to ſoar,
And ne're could ſay, *he was Inſpir'd* before.
That Secret Hand, that did your Thoughts incline,
For Heaven both mov'd the Act and the Deſign;
Has join'd *Your own*, to all *your Peoples* PEACE.
And on *their* Bleſſings, rais'd *Your* Happineſs;
Nor is this all, for Heaven ne're acts by Parts,
But forms at once his Empire in our Hearts.
That Hand that thus Your Soul to PEACE muſt move,
Will *ne're deny* the Peace *he made* You Love.
The Calm You move us to, *Powe'll feel within*,
There, MADAM, Your Celeſtial Crowns *begin*;
Heaven there Anticipated You'ell Enjoy,
That Peace muſt all Your meaner Joys Deſtroy;
The Satisfactions that *may there* be known,
Surpaſs the Envy'd Pleaſures of Your Crown:
That Heaven has form'd You his Bleſt Inſtrument,
To Heal this *Heart-Sick Nations* Diſcontent,
That all their Happineſs comes handed down,
From *Him that gave*, by *You that wear* the Crown;
That Heaven reſerv'd this Hour, till *You ſhould Reign*,
And Choſe *You* from the Bright Deſcended Train;
And ſuffer'd *WILLIAM's* ſelf to aim at it *in Vain.*
That he reſerv'd the Glory and Succeſs
For You, whom he Delights and has reſolv'd to *Bleſs*;
What Tranſports, *MADAM*, muſt poſſeſs your Mind!
What Proſpects of the Glories *ſtill behind*!
What *Wonders* Heaven has yet for you to do!
What *vaſt Rewards* of Glory to beſtow!
No Pen the *ſoft Impreſſions* can Preſent,
Numbers are vaſtly ſhort, and *Language* faint;
No Simily due Parallel affords,
The Thoughts ſurpaſs *the Agency of Words*;
The POET *that conceives it* can't reherſe,
'Tis above *the Inſpiration of his Verſe*;
The Wings of Fancy never ſoar'd ſo high,
'Tis only Sacred to *YOUR MAJESTY.*
'Tis *You alone* can feel th' amazing Joy,
Which like the Sun, does fainter Fires Deſtroy;
No Heart *but Yours*, the Myſt'ry can unfold,
The Story muſt *be felt*, it can't *be Told.*
'Tis all a Heaven, as it from Heaven Deſcend,
And only *where* that Heaven begins, *it Ends.*
For PEACE *within* is Heaven Anticipate,
And does Similitude to Heaven Create;
'Twill open that Bleſs'd PEACE at once, and ſhow
That Preſence there, whoſe Glory makes it ſo.
'Twill *Fire Your Soul* with Beams of Sov'raign Grace,
And *You'll grow Ripe*, for Heavenly Crowns apace:
There in your Brighteſt Glory You'ell appearr,
And You that give us PEACE, ſhall find it there.

FINIS.

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